Two Days of Forever

Chapter 1: Two Days of Forever

He was 27.

An introvert.

In his world, there was no dating culture. No flings, no hookups. Love was not casual — it was distant, unfamiliar, and sacred. He had never held a woman’s hand, never spoken to one without stuttering. His life was silent. His heart, untouched.

That’s when his family made the decision. They arranged his marriage.

He met her for the first time at a quiet little coffee shop. She wore a simple white dress, and in that sunlight, she looked like something from another world.

"She looks like a goddess," he thought, his breath catching in his throat.

Awkwardly, he tried to start a conversation.
“The weather’s nice today…” he said.

She smiled gently. “Yes… it is.”

They spoke for an hour. Just small talk. Nothing dramatic. But in that one hour, something within him shifted. He had never felt seen like that before. Never felt peace in someone’s presence.

Two days after their wedding, he found himself smiling in ways he never had before.

And then…

She died.

A car accident. Sudden. Brutal. Unfair.

He stood at her funeral, wearing the same suit he wore on their wedding day. He didn’t cry. He didn’t speak. He simply stared — not at her photo, not at the ashes — but at the empty space beside him where she should have

stood.

That space never left him.

Chapter 2: She Still Comes Back

Days passed. Then weeks.

But something was wrong — or maybe, something was right.

She was gone… and yet, she wasn’t.

He would see her in flashes — standing in the hallway, sitting on their couch, brushing her hair in front of the mirror. He would hear her hum the melody she used to sing while making tea. Sometimes, he’d even whisper her name, and feel the air shift, like she had heard him.

Was it her spirit?

Or was his mind cracking from grief?

Doctors said he might be suffering from schizophrenia, that these hallucinations were his brain’s defense mechanism — a fragile heart trying to survive a cruel loss.

But he didn’t care.

Real or not, she was with him. That’s all that mattered. He refused to take the pills they gave him. He refused to "move on". Because love doesn’t follow logic. Love doesn’t die with the body.

To the world, she was gone.

But to him, she had just moved slightly out of reach.

But it wasn’t just visions or sounds.

Sometimes, he felt it — a presence. A faint warmth near his shoulders. The soft weight of someone sitting beside him on the bed. The scent of her shampoo lingering in the hallway. Even though he lived alone in his apartment, there were moments when he could swear someone was there. Watching. Waiting.

Once, while brushing his teeth, he caught a glimpse of her in the bathroom

mirror — standing quietly behind him, just looking at him. But when he turned, there was nothing. No shadow. No sound. Just his pounding heart and a growing question in his mind:

Was he haunted by her memory… or by her spirit?

He no longer feared it. In fact, a part of him began to rely on it. That feeling of being watched no longer made him uneasy — it gave him comfort.

She hasn't left me, he thought.
She's still here.

To be continued...